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"Bride of Battle"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER III.

Several years later Captain Mark Wallace descended from a street car and walked up the grounds of a very select young ladies' boarding school in Westchester county, New York, kept by two maiden ladies. Entering the colonial portico, the captain rang the bell and asked to see Miss Howard. Five minutes afterward, having satisfied the lady principal that he stood in the avuncular relation to her charge, and was a man of blameless life, he met Eleanor in the reception room.

It was some years since he had seen her. The grimy little waif of the Santiago battlefield had shot up into a slim, long-legged schoolgirl, with brown hair tied back with a ribbon, and a face that already showed the promise of beauty.

The girl hurried forward as if expecting an embrace, realized Mark's intention, and checked herself quickly and held out both hands.

"Dear Uncle Mark!" she exclaimed, "I've been looking forward to you ever since I got your letter telling me that you were coming east."

"Well, it's nice to be appreciated like that," said Mark, laughing.

"I couldn't quite persuade myself that it was true, and that I should really see you at last. And you're not in the least like your photograph."

"Homelier, Eleanor?"

"No, but different. Older—very much older. You must be awfully old—quite thirty, I should say."

"Nearly," admitted Mark, wondering whether the long years in the west with the sweltering heat and arduous service, had really aged him prematurely. Mark had had no influence to secure him anything better than a border post. He often wondered why he had not gone into civil life, like so many of his class, and amassed a competency in the first booming years of the twentieth century.

Something in the blood, perhaps, had held him to the army life, which he loved so much in principle and hated so much in practice. He was not far short of thirty; he had nothing but his meager pay; no tie but a married sister in Chicago and the girl in the boarding school, who filled so great a part of his thoughts, so disproportionate a share.

For until that day he had only seen her once since he picked her up in the jungle, and she had been too young to retain the memory of the meeting in Major Howard's home.

"I expected a young man, but I'm just as pleased to see you," said Eleanor. "I don't like very young men."

Mark received her amends with amusement, and they sat down side by side upon the sofa, and were soon deep in conversation. Mark learned all about her school and her friends. She was very happy there and would regret not going back at the end of the holidays. However, Major and Mrs. Howard had only placed her there for a few months while they went on a visit to the west.

"I always felt that you are really my guardian, even if you did give me up to Major Howard," said Eleanor.

"But I have only lent you," said Mark. "I couldn't very well take care of you when I was sent to Texas. And it has always been understood that you belong to me—I mean, that I am your guardian, Eleanor."

"I know," she said. "And you write me such splendid letters, with such good advice in them."

"Which you don't follow."

"Indeed I do," said the girl, eagerly. "Only sometimes it is just a little out of date, Uncle Mark."

"In what particular?" inquired Mark, beginning to feel a little like a prig in the presence of this self-possessed young person. It is so easy to assume the task of adviser from a distance, but difficult to retain the role face to face.

"Well, when you wrote me last year to remember not to be pert and forward, like modern children, Uncle Mark. Pertness comes at seven or eight. One isn't pert at twelve—at least, not in the way you meant. They call it ill-bred, then."

"I suppose I didn't realize how big you were getting," said Mark penitently. "But you can't think how glad I am to see you, anyway."

"It's a shame sticking you for years out in that horrible desert," said the girl. "I wish, Uncle Mark, you hadn't stayed in the army after the war."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because then you could have gone into business in New York, like Captain Murray and Captain Crawford."

"I've been thinking about as much myself, Eleanor. But I guess the army got hold of me."

"But they haven't treated you rightly, Uncle Mark. They haven't promoted you for years, and they have jumped all sorts of officers over your head. Major Howard was saying so only before he left for Alaska. But of course, he's out of favor, and he wouldn't have any influence, anyway. It's years since he was in the army."

"I suppose I'm a back number, my dear. Some of us have to be. Perhaps I'll get my chance. I'm not thirty yet, you know, and thirty isn't considered awfully old in the army. At least, it isn't the retiring age."

"Don't be so absurd, Uncle Mark! You don't look an old man at all. It was just that your photograph was taken so long ago, and I didn't reflect that you must have changed."

"And if ever another war comes I'm sure my experience will count for a lot. "And I'll probably have command over Captain Murray and Captain Crawford if ever the National Guard is called on for serious work. And then you'll have your function as our mascot, you know."

He was surprised at the girl's sudden responsiveness to his words. She grew very serious.

"I've often thought about that, Uncle Mark," she answered.

"But, of course, it may never happen."

"I suppose not. But if ever it does I mean to try to be what you meant me to be when you made that condition to the major. How I wish—how I wish—"

"Yes, my dear?"

"That we knew who my father was. Sometimes I think he was only an American planter, perhaps, who lived in Cuba and was forced to flee when the war began. And then again I dream that he may have been a brave soldier who was trying to serve his country by going into the Spanish lines in disguise, and I hope that I may be worthy of him."

"You don't remember anything, Eleanor?"

"Yes, Uncle Mark. I'm sure I do—and yet I've thought so much about it that I'm not sure how much of it is memory and how much is just child's inventions. Perhaps I invented all of it, and made myself believe I remembered it. And I am sure part of it is memory."

"What do you remember?" asked Mark rather fearfully.

"Well, Uncle Mark, my first connected memories are of Major Howard's home, of course. And I have a very vivid impression of being brought into the dining room and toasted at that dinner which the major gave to the officers after the war. But before all that I seem to have memories, as if they were pictures."

"What is the first thing you remember?"

"I see a woman lying in a bed in a strange room. Her face is whiter than any face I have known; a man sits beside her, with his head in his hand, and, though death has no meaning for me, I am afraid, for I know that she was my mother."

"Was this in Cuba, Eleanor?"

"I don't know, but I think so, Uncle Mark, because I remember running to the window and seeing a great palm tree outside, with spreading branches. And there are other cities, and we seem to go from place to place, always watching for somebody, and yet, as it were, hiding from people. I know we avoid people, but it is an instinct only that tells me so.

"And again I am with my father in the jungle. I don't know how we got there, but I see the trees all around me, and I am afraid. We walk on and on, and sometimes he carries me and we sleep under the trees and are drenched with rain. I am so tired and thirsty. But we go on and on, and when we stop we find a little hut, and I am afraid no longer."

"And then?" asked Mark in agitation.

"I remember nothing. I suppose the bullet that killed my father must have struck him while he was in the hut, but I have no picture in my mind at all."

Mark mumbled something to conceal his agitation. "And do you remember me coming and picking you up?" he asked.

She shook her head regretfully. "I don't remember anything else," she answered. "Nothing until that dinner in the major's house."

She linked her arm through his and looked at him earnestly. "Uncle Mark, it makes me unhappy sometimes to think that I have no memory, no clear memory of my parents. I am sure that some day all this mystery will be cleared up. Don't you hope so?"

"Yes," answered Mark, miserably.

He had always wondered what the child would be like. Howard's half-yearly letters had always assumed too much for granted. Mark had practically relinquished Eleanor to the major, and he had never learned anything about her that he had really wanted to know. He had not imagined the precocious, high-strung, idealistic girl whom he now saw. He knew that the disclosure of her father's dishonor, if ever it came about, would shock her into a revulsion of feeling that would be fatal to the true development of her character.

He had often wished that he had not pressed that idea of the regimental mascot upon the major. It had been born in a mind attuned to the victory of that bloody day; in normal moments he would never have entertained it. Yet Major Howard had been more impressed than he had admitted to Mark. The idea had spread through the minds of the other officers. There was never a guard dinner but Eleanor was solemnly toasted, though she was not permitted to be present, and somehow the child had become a symbol in the minds of these plain men in business and professional life who spent two weeks in camp each year.

After the war Mark had gone to the regulars; but he was still in touch with the officers of the Seventieth, and he knew that, if ever war came, he could obtain an appointment to it.

"I am sure that my father will prove to have been a brave soldier," said Eleanor, clasping her hands eagerly. "And sometimes," she continued, "I think that there must have been a great mystery about him."

"Why?" demanded Mark, startled.

"Because of the man who watches for me."

"Watches for you? It is imagination, Eleanor."

She shook her head. "I've seen him three or four times," answered the girl. "He waits at places that we pass when we go out together. And he watches me then, though he never attempts to speak to me."

"And you've told Miss Harper?"

"No, Uncle Mark. She would think I was hysterical," answered the girl, shrewdly.

Mark could see that, but he was certain that it was hysteria, that the idea had come to the child as the result of brooding over the mystery of her parentage. The entrance of the lady principal put an end to their conversation. Mark rose reluctantly. His visit had been all too brief, and it might be years before he saw the girl again.

"Well, Eleanor, this is au revoir," he said. "Perhaps for years."

She looked at him in sudden alarm. "You are not coming back before you leave for the west, Uncle Mark?" she asked.

"They won't allow me the time. I have to go to Washington tomorrow, and then back to Texas."

She returned no answer, but went with him to the house door, and turned and faced him there, pulling at the lapels of his coat.

"Send me a new photograph, Captain Mark," she said. "I'm not going to call you Uncle Mark any more."

"An older one?" asked Mark, laughing, though he had a strange sinking at his heart. This child epitomized home to him, and he had been homeless since boyhood.

"You must forgive me," she said, a little wistfully. "Captain Mark, there's something I want awfully to say to you, but it takes a lot of courage," she added.

"Tell me just the same," answered Mark. "You know, my dear, I want you to have everything you wish for. And if Major Howard won't give it to you, you just let me know. He has assumed the responsibility for your upbringing, and I'm going to have the fun of giving you pleasure."

"It's something that Major Howard can't give me, Captain Mark."

"Can I?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, pulling at his coat, and suddenly raising her eyes to his. Mark Wallace saw the soul of a mature woman look out of the eyes of the child. "When I'm older and have put my hair up, and wear long dresses—when I'm eighteen, say, I—I want you to marry me, Captain Mark."

She was gone in a flash, running along the corridor, while Mark Wallace stood dumfounded at the door, hearing her footsteps grow fainter as she hurried into the recesses of the Misses Harpers' School for Select Young Ladies.

Mark went down the walk like a man dreaming. It was absurd; it was, perhaps, characteristic of the girl's age and temperament; and yet, in spite of the absurdity, Captain Mark Wallace felt as if he had suddenly regained the grimy little child whom he had found upon the hillside in front of Santiago, and lost again.

As he reached the gate he saw a man watching him from the bend of the road. Something of furtiveness in the man's posture made him wheel sharply round; then he remembered Eleanor's words and started in haste toward him. But the man shambled off at a quick gait and when Mark reached the bend he could see nobody.

(To Be Continued.)

OUR BASEBALL CRIPPLES

After All Does Sport Make Real Men?

This war is making plain many of our weaknesses. We used to think the gentlemen who pranced about our baseball parks in the uniforms of the National, the American and other leagues were sound in wind and limb. We thought that gentlemen who could pick up a baseball that was traveling like a shot from a cannon, and throw it with almost lightning speed to first base were physically fit. We thought that men who race around the bases like sprinters, slide 10 or 15 feet over the earth and come up smiling were in the prime of their health and strength. We thought that men who could pitch for hours without sign of fatigue had wonderful muscles and that catchers who handled baseballs as if they were tennis balls were sturdy, dependable human creatures. We thought a lot of things about our ball players.

But, alas, we were wrong. Most of the stars in the baseball world are physical wrecks. They have all sorts of defects. They never will do in the army. They have flat feet or fallen arches so that they would be unable to keep up with real soldiers on the march. They have bunged up hands so that they never could handle a rifle as a soldier should. Their eyesight is poor. They are in sad state and are fit for little else than playing baseball and drawing fat salaries.

Nothing that is said here applies to "Hank" Gowdy or to "Benny" Kauff. The modest Mr. Gowdy is in France doing the duty of a brave man and a true American. Kauff, despite some minor troubles such as a missing finger or so and the fact that one of his arms is longer than the other, sees no reason why that should prevent him from being a first class aviator. Various other baseball players may be in the service or willing to be but the vast majority seem more interested in baseball than war and more able to discover reasons why they are unfit to be soldiers than why they should be soldiers.

And what is said of our baseball heroes is true of many members of that noble body of gentlemen who make a business of fighting and who call themselves boxers. Has any one heard of Willard, Moran, Fulton, Dempsey, Langford or Jeannette, enlisting?

Washington should do something for our athletic cripples. We are making provision for all sorts of sufferers but none for baseballists and boxers with weak hearts and cold feet.—Commerce and Finance.

The Frankfurter Zeitung prints a report of the adoption of a resolution by the chamber of the Grand Duchy of Baden requesting the imperial German government to endeavor to obtain a general agreement for the cessation of hostile air raids on places outside the zone of military operations.

OSCE COLEMAN'S STORY.

Brave South Carolinian Tells of Exploit in a Letter.

Here is a letter that Mrs. Oliveros of Columbia, has received from her nephew, Lieutenant Osce Coleman in France, and which was published in the Columbia State of last Sunday:

Dear Aunt Frank:

I wrote you a letter thanking you for the wonderful box that you sent me and delayed mailing it for about ten days on account of forgetfulness, so I am writing again to make up for the other letter. This time I am writing what is to be great news. I only wish Grandfather Holloway was alive to hear this. I being the only representative from our family over here, and in fact in the army, have tried to do justice towards our future reputation as loyal and brave citizens, and I shall let you judge when you have heard my story.

Perhaps you will hear before this through the newspapers. I have been in the trenches for almost seven days without very much sleep and not a garment touched during this time. To start with I was weak, sleepy and tired and being in the front line trenches isn't the best thing for anyone's nerves. I had been conducting the fire of our battalion of 75's on a working party about 1 a. m. on March 1. As the deafening sound of our high explosive would die away, through the chill of the early morning would come the shrieks and groans of Mr. Boche as he scampered away.

At 5.50 a. m. on the same morning I was dumbfounded by the sudden volume of explosions that seemed never to quit. The shell of the enemy had cut our telephone communications and it was impossible for us to find out just what was going on. Our first information came when a sergeant with dirt, sweat and a pale face came dashing up and said that the Boches were raiding our trenches. I immediately started, although we have no artillery in the front line, but feeling that it was my duty, I went. As I came up to the portion of the lines that had been raided the Germans were going over the top back to their own lines. To my left and to my right were the dying Huns. I began searching their bodies, even before they were dead in some cases, to get anything that would give us any information. I could not find any of our own dead until I had searched eleven of the enemy and was on my way to my 12th one when I saw a poor boy that had been hit by a shrapnel. His remains were picked up with a shovel and buried. He was in threads. Then I went on with my duties.

I had finished searching over a score when I heard the sad news of my friend's death. He was from Dillon, S. C. The son of Dr. John H. David, Sr. We were in school together and I had been with him in the trenches for quite a while. If I had obeyed my feelings I would have sat beside him and mourned for the remainder of the day, but my duty was before me and I was about "all in" too, but looking out across "No Man's Land," I spied a Boche who was wounded making his way back to his own line. The lines are about 390 meters apart at this particular place and he was 250 meters from me.

It was 10 o'clock and very clear and I knew the snipers were on their jobs and the machine guns too, but prisoners are very valuable so it was up to me. The men on outposts stopped me saying that machine gun fire had been playing around all morning but I stripped myself of everything that would prevent me being free and started. It seemed hours and hours before I reached my objective. It is no pleasant job to crawl through mud and shell holes with two knees and one hand with a gun in the other. I was about 40 feet from Mr. Boche before he saw me and when he turned his face to me he began to yell "Kamerad!"

I hugged the ground because I knew the others in the trenches would fire in the direction of the noise. They did. I got him quiet and was about to start on my way home when I heard a rustling noise behind me. I turned just in time to put a shot about one and a half inches above his left eye. His dying face will forever be in my imagination. I could not sleep for two nights afterwards. Whenever I would close my eyes I could see nothing but his bloody, trembling face gasping for its last few breaths. I searched him before he died and was soon on my way back. It was a journey never to be forgotten.

I turned my prisoner over to stretcher brearers with orders to have his wounds dressed and then bring him to headquarters. Being unable to sleep I roamed for the remainder of that day and the next.

Late on the afternoon of March 2, I received orders to report to a certain place the next morning at 9 o'clock. I was a little late, arriving and found the battalion of infantry that I was serving with during the raid in the field. As I came to the front in answer to my name the battalion came to present arms and the prime minister of France, in the presence of the French commanding general of the first army, and his staff and our commanding general with his staff, came up to me and decorated me with the famous "Croix de Guerre" with a palm, the palm being the highest order of the Croix de Guerre! I know that no one has ever been so surprised.

In the midst of all of this embarrassment were seven moving picture machines clicking in my face assisted by countless cameras. Then I had to tell my life history a thousand times to newspaper reporters. I was glad, tickled and oh! so tired. I coulp sleep and I did.

Please excuse the different paper Aunt Frank and write to me as soon as you can. Give my love to all and send this letter to Papa Watts to read, if you want to. Kiss the girls for me and lots of love to you.

Sincerely,
Osce.

— The death of Private St. Clair Sutton of 31st Co., Fort Warren, Boston Harbor is causing a private inquiry here today, says a Boston dispatch of Saturday. Sutton comes from Chester, S. C., where his parents live. Yesterday morning he was found in a room at the Hotel Plazza, Columbia Avenue, Boston, dying from gas poisoning. His room was on fire and it looked as if the fire had been started in the bed by cigarettes. When he was taken out in the hall he was dead. The body will be shipped to Chester, S. C., tomorrow. No one at Fort Warren could state just how Sutton met his death.

CARE OF SOW AND PIGS

How to Manage the Sow at Farrowing Time.

As the time for farrowing approaches, the sow should be watched carefully, in order that assistance may be given if necessary. The sow generally becomes nervous and restless as parturition approaches; she makes a nest for her young; a swollen vagina and milk down in the teats are other visible signs. One can be quite certain that a sow will farrow late in the afternoon or the following night when milk is found in the teats in the morning.

The feed at this time should be sloppy and limited in amount. Nothing but lukewarm water should be given the sow during 24 hours previous to farrowing. If she has already farrowed a little and has been properly fed and cared for during pregnancy, little difficulty may be expected. With young sows, particularly, those bred at an immature age, there is considerable risk at this time, not only to the pigs but to the sow herself.

There is a difference of opinion as to the amount of bedding which should be given to the sow at this time. An active sow in comparatively thin condition can be trusted with a liberal amount of bedding, but sows which are in high condition or which are at all clumsy, had better be given only a moderate amount of bedding. Leaves or short straw are preferred.

The farrowing pen should be dry and well ventilated, but free from drafts. Provide the pen with a guardrail made of 2 by 4 planks with their edges against the sides of the pen about 10 inches above the bed. These prevent the sow from lying against the partition, and lessen the danger of injury to the pigs. The little fellows will soon learn to creep under the guardrail when the sow lies down.

The management of the sow during farrowing depends largely on the animal and on the weather conditions Assistance should be at hand if needed, but the sow need not be helped if she is getting along nicely.

When the pigs are born during warm weather, they are less liable to become chilled and will generally find their way to the teats unaided. In extremely cold weather the pigs will be in danger of being chilled, unless the hog house is heated. To remedy this, place a few heated bricks in the bottom of a basket or small box, covering them with chaff or straw, and put a cloth over the top to keep in the heat; unless the sow objects too seriously, the pigs may be rubbed dry with a soft cloth and placed in the receptacle as fast as they arrive. If any of the little pigs appear to be lifeless when they are born, first see that all mucus is removed from the nose, then give the pigs a few gentle slaps on the side with the hand. This will start the pig breathing if there is any life in the body. Give it a suck of the sow's milk and place it in the receptacle, as described previously. The pigs will not suffer if they do not suck for a few minutes after farrowing.

Before placing the pigs with the sow, cut out the eight small tusk-like teeth. There are four of these on each jaw in the rear of the mouth. These teeth are very sharp, and if left in the pig's mouth they will likely cause tearing of the sow's udder, and the little pigs cut one another's mouths while fighting for a teat. These teeth can be removed with bone forceps, wire nippers or with a knife. Never pull out the teeth. Always cut or them break off. After this operation is over, place the pigs with the sow, care being taken that each one gets to a teat. When the afterbirth is passed it should be removed from the pen at once and buried or burned. There is good reason to believe that eating the afterbirths is often the beginning of the habit of eating pigs.

As a rule, the sow should have no food the first 24 hours after farrowing, but should be given a liberal drink of warm water. If, however, she shows signs of hunger, a thin slop of bran and middlings may be given. The feeding for the first 2 or 4 days should be light, and the time consumed in getting the sow on full feed should be from a week to 10 days, depending on the size and thrift of the litter.

Great care must be taken to feed the sow properly. If she is not being properly fed, the little pigs will show it. If the pigs follow the sow around very much and pull at her teats, it is a good sign that she is not giving enough milk, and more feed should be given to stimulate the milk flow. When a sow is overfed, causing a heavy flow of milk, scouring is generally produced in the pigs. If this happens, cut down the sow's feed immediately. Give the sow 15 to 20 grains of sulphate of iron (copperas) in her slop morning and evening, and if necessary increase the dose until results have been obtained.

After the sow has farrowed, it is best for her to be in the open air. Of course, if the pigs are farrowed during the winter months, care will be needed, and it may be necessary to let the pigs reach the age of two weeks before turning them out. They can, however, get considerable exercise in the pigery or in the lot with the sow, and there is often a lot adjoining a barn that is sunny and sheltered from the cold winds, where the sow and pigs may be turned for exercise. Do not allow the pigs to run out during the cold rain.

If they do not get exercise, they will get fat and lazy and the usual result is the "thumps." This is caused by the fat getting so thick around the heart and lungs that the pigs find it difficult to breathe. The best way to prevent this is to avoid overfeeding and make the young pigs take plenty of exercise.—Weekly News Letter.

HUMANITY'S OPPORTUNITY

Why the Great Red Cross Needs Funds.

LITTLE CHILDREN CRY FOR HELP

Woman Witness of the Horrors of German Frightfulness Lays the Story Before Christian America—Message that Compels Attention.

J. A. Marion, Esq., who is to have general charge of the Red Cross drive to be made in York next month, attended the recent state conference in Columbia, and by request, has prepared for The Enquirer the following story of the proceedings:

Pursuant to a call sent out from headquarters of the southern division of the Red Cross in Atlanta, a conference was held in Columbia on April 9, at which representatives of practically all of the chapters in the state were present. The primary purpose of the meeting was to outline plans for the second war fund campaign which is to be held May 20-27. The meeting was held in the rooms of the Columbia Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Mucke Wamboldt, campaign director for the southern division, was the principal speaker at the morning session, and in a thoroughly practical and business like way, he set forth the plans to be followed and methods of organization in the various local bodies in raising their pro rata part of the $100,000,000, the total sum to be raised in the campaign. His remarks were very helpful and suggestive to those who will have charge of the local work; but as they were primarily intended for this purpose, it would not be of great interest to set them forth in detail.

Mr. Wamboldt did give the impression, however, of being thoroughly wide awake and a progressive business man, and that he was applying sane business principles to the management of this, the greatest service league for humanity that the world has ever known. One statement that he made calling particular attention to the fact that every cent that is to be raised in the coming campaign is to be used for war relief work, and that no part of it is to be spent in salaries, expenses, etc.

Mr. Wamboldt was followed by Herbert V. Carson, director in charge of the speakers' bureau, who briefly outlined the need of speakers to present the needs to the people. He told of the type of speakers desired, of the method in which the cause should be presented to the people. Mr. Carson is the young pastor of a large and progressive church in Knoxville, Tenn., and is devoting all of his splendid ability and energy to Red Cross work, without any compensation or salary from the organization, his church bearing all his expenses.

Mr. J. W. Milner, Jr., director of the bureau of publicity, next spoke, and explained the advertising plans of the campaign.

While these three addresses were business like and practical in every detail, all of great advantage to those in attendance, the real inspiration of the meeting, and the real thing that showed the deep and true meaning of it all, was the address of Dr. Esther C. Lovejoy at a luncheon which all the representatives attended at the Jefferson hotel.

Dr. Lovejoy is a physician who several months ago returned from Greece where she had been engaged ever since the beginning of the war in relief work. Her story, told in plain and direct way, and yet with all the earnestness and fire of one who had seen and learned first hand of unspeakable horrors, brought home to her hearers in a most vivid way, the utter inhumanity and barbarity of the Huns. "This term," she said, "is not mine but that of the kaiser himself who first pronounced it to his troops and held it up as a model they should follow."

Dr. Lovejoy said that for several months she had been located in the town of Evian, literally now the gateway to France, and located on Lake Geneva on the French side. It was through this town that the broken debris of humanity that has been rejected by German military machine as useless for military purposes, found their way and groped their way back into their native country. For, said the speaker, the method Germany had in dealing with the inhabitants of the French provinces which they had overrun, and now have under subjection, has been literally a weeding out or culling process. Of course inhabitants, all the boys over 14 and all girls over 16 are retained—the boys to be kept from becoming soldiers of France, the girls to become the involuntary mothers of a race of barbarians who were destroying their native land. All women with one child under three years of age were also retained because it being well known that most of the children born in this territory for the last three years have been of German paternity. In the conquered towns one of the standing orders of the Germans was that no doors were to be locked against the troops, and as a consequence of this there was no right on earth that had not been violated at the hands of the Huns, and there was nothing sacred that they had not besmirched and stained. All of the old men, old women, children under 14, women with several children were sent back into France as being useless for military purposes, and for the French to feed and to support. It was these weary lines of refugees who day after day in unending procession poured down through the little town of Evian—broken, miserable driftwood of war. Thousands of orphans, children who had forgotten how to play, furtive-eyed, shrinking whose very soul had been seared by the flame of German hate, homeless, without means of support except what is provided for them through the instrumentality of the Red Cross; broken old men who could do nothing but eat, women helpless and despairing—all these came through the little town on their journey to the seared and broken land behind. To most of these the Red Cross offered the only solace and comfort that they had.

In contrast to this sorrowful and saddened line coming in, the speaker said that she had seen a division of American soldiers going to the front, strong, noble, clear-eyed and fearless, and said she "I knew that no evil could stand against them." They are indeed the hope of France today.

The speaker declared there was but one word that would express what France had been through during the past three years and that was vivisection—that literally they had been vivisected physically and spiritually. The utter horror of the situation however was best depicted as to the women. Taken by their conquerors as spoils of war and held in conditions worse than slavery, they remained to become the mothers of German sons, conquered and subjected. A French mother always seemed proud that she had had sons to give to France and to die, but when the daughters were mentioned there was always the hanging of the head and the knowledge that those who had been carried off by the Germans, while they might live, would never return to their native land—conquered through an instinct stronger than even love of country-mother love. The unconquerable spirit of the race however was shown in the sentiment of the boys, who though just out from under the awful domination of the German military machine which had tried earnestly to crush out of them all spirit of liberty came back to their broken homes singing a song about the kaiser which they had secretly nurtured and cherished in their captivity to the effect that "he never would be happy until he had his head cut off." The spirit of such people, the speaker declared, is never conquered or broken.

Dr. Lovejoy also spoke of the joy with which the Americans were being received in France and that the firm conviction of the people was that as LaFayette came with his Frenchmen 140 years ago to help in the struggle of liberty in the new world so that at this latter date the descendants of those people who had gained their liberty through his aid are coming today to pay their debt of honor to his people in their hour of need.

Dr. Lovejoy exhibited a mask which she said was a gas mask for a little child. Probably the sight of this and her next words more than anything else struck home to the hearts of her hearers: "Is there any father in this room who will not say that the kingdom of heaven on this earth is the kingdom of little children? The Huns have invaded the kingdom of heaven for they are destroying little helpless children."

A plain and direct message from the very heart of the war, Dr. Lovejoy makes the duty of the American people who are at home clear, and her message cannot be passed over.

J. A. Marion.

THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION

Russian Armenians Now Being Murdered by the Turks.

Russia, says a London dispatch, has followed her protest in Germany against the Turkish operations in the Caucasus, which have resulted in wholesale murders of the Armenian population, by forwarding a similar protest by the Armenian National Council, addressed to the German ministry of foreign affairs and the president of the reichstag. This protest, received from the Russian wireless system and given out by the British admiralty through the wireless press, reads:

"The Armenian National Council, as the supreme body for the expression of the will of the Armenian people, is addressing you in connection with the tragic state of things in Armenia. Armenia is flooded with blood and, only recently saved from centuries of slavery, is again condemned to fresh sufferings. Following upon the withdrawal of the Russian troops, Turkish troops have already invaded the undefended country and are not only killing every Turkish-Armenian but also every Russian in Armenia.

"In spite of the terms of the peace treaty, which recognizes the right of self-determination for these Caucasion regions, the Turkish army is advancing toward Kars and Ardahan, destroying the country and killing the Christian population. The responsibility for the future destiny of the Armenians lies entirely with Germany, because it was Germany's insistance that resulted in the withdrawal of the Russian troops from the Armenian regions, and at the moment it rests with Germany to prevent the habitual excesses of the Turkish troops, increased by revengefulness and anger.

"It is hard to believe that a civilized state like Germany, which has the means for preventing the excesses of her ally, will permit the Brest-Litovsk treaty to be used by the German people, who have been involved in war against their own will, as a means for the creation of incalculable sufferings. The National Council firmly believes that you will undertake the necessary measures, which depend solely upon you to influence the Turkish authorities with a view to saving the Armenian people from fresh horrors."

— Cotton producers of South Carolina and others interested in the ginning and warehousing, financing, distribution and transportation and marketing of the cotton crop, are invited to a conference to be held in Columbia Tuesday, May 14, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, according to an announcement sent out by W. G. Smith, state warehouse commissioner. The conference proposes to formulate plans for statewide organization of the cotton farmers, to provide for the formation of community marketing clubs in each county, to establish a bureau of information on cotton at the state commissioner's office, to arrange for the grading and stapling of all cotton on storage by government experts, to promote the development by the farmers of the South Carolina system of cotton marketing, etc.

On and after April 15, Texas wholesalers and retailers will sell no flour except that in stock on that date. It is recommended that the flour on hand be conserved for children and invalids. The rule will continue until June 1, and longer if necessary.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Record of Current Happenings Collected from Various Sources.

Governor Edge of New Jersey, has announced his candidacy for the United States senate from that state.

The miners of the No. 11 colliery of the Lehigh Coal company at Nesquehoning, Pa., have purchased $50,000 worth of the third Liberty loan bonds.

The bureau of public information in Washington is to undertake a campaign in Mexico, by means of moving pictures, to bring about a better understanding of the United States and its war aims among the Mexicans.

There is $14,500,000 to the credit of the "Government of Finland," in a New York bank, but in the event of Germany taking charge of Finland, the United States government will probably sequester the money in New York.

A bill is to be introduced in congress providing for the suppression of all German newspapers published in the United States. It is believed that such suppression will go a long way in ending German propaganda throughout the country.

A group of university men of Japan, known as the "determined nine," is advocating the annexation of half of Siberia, as a means towards ending the Chinese problem. The Japanese press generally favors intervention in Siberia.

Mrs. Doris Eisenbrand was acquitted by a Chicago jury last Saturday of the charge of murdering her husband. She claimed she killed him because of his cruelty to her. She is the twenty-third woman to be acquitted of the charge of murder in Cook county during the past three years.

Every hotel proprietor and manager of Atlantic City, N. J., has agreed to eliminate wheat bread from their menus. Barley, rye and rice flour will be used instead of wheat flour, and eggs will be used as a binder in making the bread from these cereals.

There are two Republicans and two Democrats who are candidates for the gubernatorial nominations in the Pennsylvania primary, and five others are considering making the race representing other parties and combinations. All told there are 3,200 candidates for the various national, state and county offices in Pennsylvania.

John "Tiger" Smith, a former pugilist, now attached to the United States army, as a physical director in France, has recently been awarded an inheritance of $1,000,000 by the United States supreme court. Smith says he is going on with his athletic work for the army regardless of his wealth. His wife conducts a hair dressing parlor in New York and continues the business.

Because of the unprecedented war demands, Secretary McAdoo has withdrawn from congress all estimates of funds necessary for the continuation of work on postoffices and other public buildings throughout the country.

The state highway department of Pennsylvania has issued 342,219 automobile license tags and the fees have amounted to nearly $3,000,000. Tags totaling nearly six tons are being forwarded from Harrisburg every day to car owners.

The Church and the Liberty Loan.—We have not heard of any one denomination in this country that is not loyal and standing by the colors with all the force that it commands. Of course there are, no doubt, persons in all denominations who are not loyal, as there are members of churches who know not the Lord, and so have no conception of Christianity, but the churches are not responsible for these individuals. It has remained however, for the Seceders to take a forward step that has not been taken by any other denomination. Some days since the following advertisement appeared in the Yorkville Enquirer which is a very forcible illustration of the point we are making:

"Whereas, our country, the United States of America, is engaged in the world war in defense of liberty, humanity, justice, truth and right, the principles upon which the Son of God has established Christian civilization, in support which principles we stand pledged with all that we have,

"Therefore, be it resolved,

"1. That earnest, faithful service of country in this most righteous undertaking, is service of God.

"2. That with our young men offering their all, including their lives, it is our sacred duty to give them all the support in our power.

"3. That we pledge ourselves to buy Liberty loan bonds and war savings certificates to the limit of our ability, and that we call upon all our fellow citizens to do likewise."

"Session of The Yorkville A. R. P. church.

"J. S. Brice, J. B. Plaxco, J. M. Stroup, W. J. P. Wylie, J. J. Gaulden, W. D. Grist, J. E. Gettys, J. W. Quinn, R. R. Love, W. W. Jenkins, W. D. Grist, Clerk, J. L. Oates, Moderator."

This is a ringing call which is sure to be responded to by many who do not belong to the aforesaid denomination.—Greenwood Journal.

ODE TO THE AGELESS DOLLAR

Friend Dollar, whom I salted when
my life was in its prime,
Your earning power goes on and on,
unchecked by march of time.
My strength has waned, my back is
bent, my "pep" has oozed away,
Yet you keep rolling blithesomely two
dozen hours per day.
Your arteries don't harden, and your
eyesight doesn't fail,
With youth that is eternal you go
piling up the kale!
I worked for you when I was young,
when locks entwained my brow—
Since age has made me bald and gray,
you're working for me now!

Your children—they are legion—all are
working for me, too,
Though born a few years later, they're
no youthfuller than you!
You even have grandchildren—dollars
earned by dollars earned—
Yet still you are young as when my
youth's mad fires burned.
I'm glad I worked and got you—I am
gladder still that I
Put you where you worked for me as
years went fleeting by,
Your brothers that I threw away or
hoarded in a sock—
I think with abject shame of them, an
idle, shiftless flock!

Some day I'll have to quit my job;
they'll lay me on the shelf,
Then those who do not know will say:
"Poor guy! He needs the pelf!"
But I will chuckle in my throat and
chortle in my glee,
For I shall know you're working still
to earn my keep for me.
I need not freeze, I need not starve
because my job is gone—
In that well-managed savings bank
you'll still be delving on.
And all the family you've raised will
ever, ever be
At work with cheerful loyalty to raise
more coin for me!

—Strickland Gillilan.